

THE Tatler

Bystander 2s. weekly 24 Feb. 1960

**The cult of
the Cresta**

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

VOLUME CCXXXV NUMBER 3052 24 FEBRUARY 1960

GOING PLACES compiled by John Mann

ON the fastest sleigh ride in the world you don't talk about sleighs or toboggans. On the Cresta Run *skeleton* is the word. As the season at St. Moritz has just reached its highpoint with the Cresta Ball (pages 330-1) this seemed a good moment for the COVER FEATURE to portray *The Cult of the Cresta* (page 325).

Another rather special sport, this time in England, is reported on pages 332-4: coursing for *The Waterloo Cup* at Altcarr. It was held in snow this year, but as usual it attracted a big social turnout. . . . Well patronized too was the Bal Rose at Monte Carlo, which Muriel Bowen reports (page 335). . . .

Lord Kilbracken reflects this week (page 338) on his tree-planting activities—it's enough to make anyone think when his latest plantings won't be felled for 100 years! . . . Perhaps by the time they're chopped down the eggheads of Oxford and Cambridge will have finally solved their traffic problems, examined by Diana Rowntree in *The Case of the Dithering Dons* (page 339). . . . And talking of traffic, could upsets like the railway strike business be avoided? Some people think so, and *Be a better boss* (pages 352-3) shows what they're doing about it. . . .

Also in this issue: Monica Furlong (page 342) . . . Mardi Gras way down yonder (354). . . . Cornel Lucas photographs snow-white fashion (343-51).

Next week: The French and Italian collections. . . .

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.00, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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SPORT Rugby: Ireland v. Scotland, at Dublin, 27 February. Royal Navy v. Army, Twickenham, 5 March. Trout fishing begins (England & Wales), 1 March.

Racing: National Hunt Gold Cup meeting, Cheltenham, 8-10 March. Point-to-points: Newmarket & Thurlow (Moulton), Sandhurst & Staff College (Tweseldown), Oxford University, 27 February; Sparkford Vale Harriers, Cambridge University (Cottenham), Waveney Valley (Bawdeswell), Beaufort, 5 March.

MUSICAL Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Dances Concertantes* (first performance of season) & *Giselle*, in the presence of the Queen Mother & the President of Peru, 8 p.m., 25 February. Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala: Folk dances, *La Fille Mal Gardée*, Act I, & *Divertissements*, in the presence of the Queen Mother & Princess Margaret, 8 p.m., 1 March. (cov 1066.) Sadler's Wells Opera. *Don Pasquale* (first performance this season), 7.30 p.m., 3 March. (TER 1672/3.) Royal Festival Hall. *Virtuosi di Roma*. 8 p.m. 24 February. (WAT 3191.)

ART Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 6 March. City of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall Art Gallery, E.C.2. Week-days, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. To 5 March. C. Ben-Tovim, paintings, Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock St., W.1. Daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Sat., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. To 27 February.

FIRST NIGHTS Aldwych Theatre. *Watch It, Sailor!* Tonight. Mermaid Theatre. *Henry V.* 25 February. Westminster Theatre. *Visit To A Small Planet.* 25 February. Unity Theatre. *The Big Win.* 4 March.

SOCIAL EVENTS George Washington Birthday Ball, May Fair Hotel, 25 February. Victoria Club dinner dance, the Dorchester, 1 March. Cardinal's Ball, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, 4 March.

Crofton Grange School, Buntingford, Herts, Diamond Jubilee dance, 29 April.

HUNT BALLS Garth (Skindle's, Maidenhead), Quorn (Forest Ball, at Newtown, Linford), 26 February; R.A. (Salisbury Plain), in the R.A. Mess, School of Artillery, Larkhill, 11 March.

PRaised PLAYS From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 355.

The Compliant Lover. "... far and away the best of Mr. Graham Greene's three plays . . . Sir Ralph Richardson is at his very finest. . . ." Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield, Phyllis Calvert. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

The Wrong Side Of The Park. "... an arresting piece of drama that rings true . . . stirs an accomplished cast to do their very best." Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Charles Heslop. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)



FANCIED FILMS From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 356.

G.R. = General release

On The Beach. "A finely made, cautionary and far from comfortable film." Fred Astaire, Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner. G.R.

Please Turn Over. "... as unsuggestive as it is entertaining . . . it is, refreshingly, as innocent as the grass is green." Ted Ray, Jean Kent, Julia Lockwood. G.R.

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GOING PLACES *continued*

Travellers' table

by DOONE BEAL

WHEN a restaurateur suffers with his liver, you may be sure that the food he serves will be 'international.' So said my favourite Italian host, Signor Bastiani of Grosetto, as he wheezed his way hospitably through an excellent and far from international meal. I, who had known Italian food in terms of seaside fry-ups (delicious, but they *can* pall), pasta and the ubiquitous veal escalope, was astonished and delighted to find that, in the presence of a Tuscan gastronome, one was offered instead white haricot beans with smoked salmon (unlikely, but excellent), risotto flavoured with white truffles; which was followed by a royal dish consisting of pieces of steak, *allonada* (larks, I'm afraid), pork liver and little *croûtons* of bread, all cooked together on a skewer. I should add that the meal lasted for all of three hours, and that we consumed well over a bottle of Chianti between us.

Few people would disagree that France is the gastronomic cradle of the world. But how many mistakenly carry French standards into the rest of Europe (or for that matter, across the Atlantic) as a perpetually unfavourable yardstick? "International" food has its basis in French cooking, and is served with varying degrees of merit in the world's leading hotels. But in anything less than great hotels and restaurants, it degenerates into the dismal.

The food in Scandinavia and Holland, with its massive *smörgåsbord* and its fresh salmon and trout—always cooked in butter—is already to most English tastes and needs little interpretation. But Spain, Portugal, Greece and Yugoslavia—the oil-and-garlic countries—do strike apprehension in the uninitiated and their cuisine is often unjustifiably questioned, if not damned. It is here that one must firmly abandon any idea of French food, and pursue instead the local specialities.

In Spain, the magic words *sin ajo* (without garlic) and *con mantequilla* (with butter), usually do the trick in most restaurants, but expect to wait a prodigious time for the former, and to pay extra for the butter. One can get extremely good steaks in the leading restaurants of Madrid, as also in the cattle-breeding area around Seville. Otherwise, they are better avoided—especially if you have just seen a bullfight.

Paella, originally a peasant dish the object of which was to make use of tough meat, can be all too derivative, and it is better to choose a sea food *paella* rather than a mixed or meat one. *Angulas*—tiny eels cooked whole and served sizzling—repay the gastronomically adventurous. *Pulpos* (baby octopus) cooked in their own ink, and positively stiff with garlic, belong in the same category. So do *almejas marinera* (clams). And what prawns, lobster and crayfish, what delectable little snacks of fried sardines, olives and smoked ham are always offered with the *apéritif*. In the average fishing port café one can make a meal of these alone and forget all about lunch. Nor have I ever had better asparagus than in Spain, or a more refreshing soup than the chilled tomato and garlic *gaspacho*.

Portuguese food is less crude than Spanish. But here again, the best of it is simple; a cold fresh lobster mayonnaise being preferable to the more elaborate thermidor. The Portuguese are good on plain roasts—especially sucking pig—and grills (quite unforgettable huge soles, in even the simplest beach cafés). But things can go badly wrong with their sauces and casseroles and oven-cooking. It is a great country for clams (in the south, they do them with bacon); grilled mullet, fresh sardines and tuna fish are always good and easy to find. The national dish is *bacalhau* (salt cod cooked with tomatoes). And if you are hungry, there is *caldeirade*, the fishermen's soup, and the meal-in-itself *caldo verde*, which is made with potatoes, cabbage and sausage. Portuguese food needs plenty of wine: try *vinho verde* ("green" wine, rather like Alsatian, and very delicate), or *matheus*, a sweetish sparkling *vin rosé*. Eat local bland cheese with your port—*queijo da Serra*, *queijo fresco*, or the stronger goats' cheese, *rabacal*.

In Yugoslavia: I found the food a most pleasant surprise. For some reason, the delicious fried sardines (*sordele*) are usually found only in cafés and are not served in the more tourist-conscious hotels. But look out for them, as also for *vrnudi* (baby mackerel). *Gibanitsa* is a tasty baked cheese pasta, crispy and treated as a pie, as opposed to the more fluid Italian way with it. My advice in Yugoslavia is, again, to by-pass straightforward steaks in favour of *cevapici*, which is minced steak, veal and pork, made

into little balls and cooked on a skewer. Or *rasnjici*, which is pieces of pork also cooked on the skewer. Both of these are traditionally served with minced raw onion, and very good, too. Yoghourt and some times cream are much used in Yugoslav cooking, for *ragoûts* especially. *Teleca corba*—a type of veal *ragoût*—is rich, bland, and good. Usually served as a separate dish is *srpski salat*—a salad of green peppers, cucumber and lettuce. And a fresh fig with liqueur poured into it makes an unbeatable finale to a Yugoslav meal.

Food in Greece is nearly always displayed in the kitchen for you to choose from—this is not to help foreigners over the language barrier, but is a national custom. The best Greek food, as I have emphasized in previous articles, is to be found in the *tavernas*, not in the hotels. I had some superb food in Greece. One of the most toothsome was *taramosalata*, a *pâté* made from smoked fish roe and olive oil. *Melinzalosolata* is similar but made with aubergine. *Tyropita* is the name of a cheese pie (sometimes a pie and sometimes little triangles of stuffed pastry), but always filled with a mixture of *feta* cheese and spinach. *Kebabs* (lamb or pork on a skewer with herbs) are a national dish in both Greece and Turkey, but one of the most delectable dishes I have ever eaten, anywhere, is baby lamb cooked with fresh artichokes (*arnaki yalakos anginares*). A variation is *youvetsi*, lamb cooked in an earthenware pot in the oven, with pasta. *Retsina* wine echoes the very smell of the air of Greece, but is an acquired taste. If you want your wine without the pine needle flavour, ask for *domestica*.



Dining out

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Massey's Chop House, Beauchamp Place, S.W. (KEN 4856.) C.S. After the war Charles Massey pioneered the return of the genuine charcoal grill to London. He is an expert with it, using highest quality

meat, properly basted chickens and fish, like salmon, that lend themselves to grilling. I can also give high praise to his *pâté maison*. Massey's is not just another grill, but a real chop-house, with an authentic prewar atmosphere. The wines, especially the clarets, are carefully chosen. If old habitués of Stone's and Blanchards could return, I am sure that they would approve. W.B.

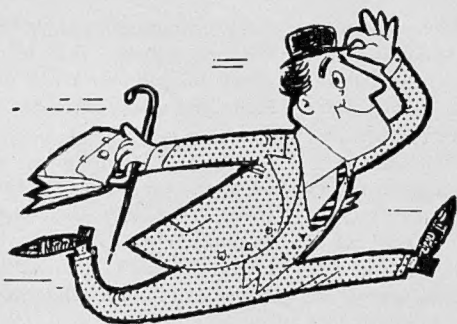
Virginia's, 31 Dover Street, W.1. (MAY 5134.) C.S. This restaurant is run by a woman, Virginia Hamilton, hence its name. There are a number of special dishes, mostly based on veal, chicken and steak, and an excellent chicken curry at lunchtime on Thursdays, with all the trimmings. Décor is pleasant, the atmosphere restful. At lunchtime it reminds me of a smaller edition of Philip, off the rue de la Paix. W.B. lunch.

Simpson's Old English Restaurant, 100 Strand, W.C.2. (TEM 7131.) C.S. For those who like the traditional British "roasts"—beef, saddle of mutton and the like—in generous helpings, this is the place. The meat is carved at your table side, and it is a tradition, long-established, to give the carver sixpence. Simpson's set out to give their customers the best possible English cooking. Very full midday, so it is unwise to be in a hurry. The vegetables are not always up to the high standard of the meat. W.B.

Verreys, 233 Regent Street. (REG 4495.) C.S. The name is one of the oldest in London restaurant history. It was not very good when Mr. Louis Monnickendam took it over, but today it is first-class—so much so that it is packed out at lunchtime. A number of special dishes are married to an outstanding wine list. One can eat a good four-course meal for 15s., or much more expensively if one wishes.

Renards, 87 Walton Street, S.W.3. (KEN 8526.) C.S. This bright, functional coffee bar-restaurant is now open from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. All food is cooked to order, and you can watch the chef at work. Steaks and escalopes are good, so are the vegetables. Omelettes are excellent. Useful for anyone living on a budget, for you can have an adequate, well-cooked meal for 10s. or less. Unlicensed.

Quaglino's, Bury Street, St. James's. (WHI 6767.) There's nothing wrong with the *pâté maison* here. *Maitre chef des cuisines* Livio Borra maintains a high standard of cooking, and the wine list is outstanding. At midday the restaurant has become popular with quite big business. With the late night **Allegro**, C.S., there are two cocktail bars, three bands and a cabaret. W.B.



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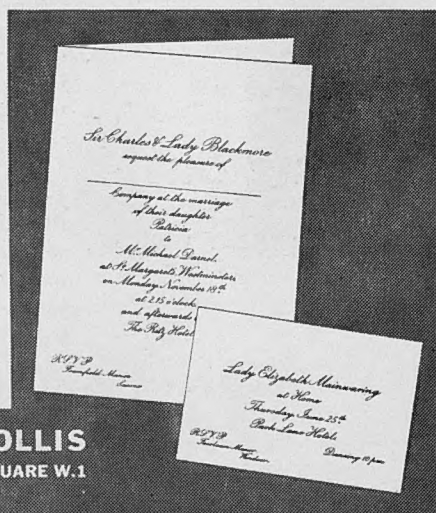
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Whitbread—Tollemache: Mary Joscelyne, daughter of Col. W. H. Whitbread, Warren Mere, Surrey, & the late Mrs. Whitbread, married Capt. Lyonel Tollemache, Coldstream Guards, son of Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. Tollemache, of Petersfield, Hants, at St. Mary's, Shackleford



Carey—White: Jennifer Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rupert Carey, East Hoe Manor, Hambledon, Hampshire, married the Hon. Luke White, son of Lord Annaly, and of the late Lady Annaly, at the House of Commons Crypt Chapel



Miss Shane Newton to Lord Gisborough. *Yevonde* She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Newton, of Launceston Place, London, W.8. He is the son of the late Lord Gisborough, and of Lady Gisborough, and lives at Gisborough Hall, Cleveland, Yorks

Weddings and Engagements



Miss Gillian Margaret Buckley to the Hon. Richard Butler. She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Francis Buckley, of St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W.3. He is the only son of Viscount Mountgarret, and of Mrs. P. V. McLaughlin



Lady Elizabeth Lindsay-Bethune to Capt. David Laurence Greenacre, Welsh Guards. *ayer* She is the elder daughter of the Earl & Countess of Lindsay, of Kilconquhar, Fife. He is the elder son of Brig. & Mrs. W. D. C. Greenacre, of Saxmundham, Suffolk



Miss Jacqueline Eliot to Mr. Anthony John Beerbohm. *Don Jarvis* She is the only daughter of Cmdr. Christian Eliot, R.N., & Mrs. Eliot, of St. John's Wood, London. He is the only son of Mr. J. D. R. Beerbohm, and of Mrs. Beerbohm, of Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire



Miss Inge Lise Avendrup to Mr. Michael Hedley Davis. *Tom Hustler* She is the only daughter of Col. A. V. Avendrup, and of the late Mrs. Avendrup, of Fredricksholms Kanal, Copenhagen. He is the only son of Mrs. & Mr. H. R. Davis, of Failand, Bristol

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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER

24 FEBRUARY 1960

The cult of



THE CRESTA

It's all there in the picture—the sun and the snow, the Martian helmets and the padded outfits, and mirrored in the visor the slight confusion that characterizes every esoteric activity to those who aren't in the know. These photographs of the Cresta Run were specially taken by DESMOND O'NEILL

the Cresta *continued*



ARRIVAL (above): A sleigh-lift service operated by lorry brings riders back to the top again. The run is extended to the steeple behind later in the season



START (right): A member of the Royal Navy team, Surgeon-Lieut. D. Melville Ackery, sets out from Junction, watched by last year's world champion, S/Ldr. C. N. C. Mitchell (at right, on the bank)

UNDER WAY (opposite): Seen from the start at Junction, a rider approaches Battledore, the Cresta's first bend. The screens keep the sun off the run



IT ALL BEGAN back in the 1870s when the British “discovered” St. Moritz, in the Engadine. Appropriately it was a military man, Major W. H. Bulpetts, who made what was probably the first run down to the Cresta Valley (one of the bends on the present run is named after him). That was in 1884, and today the Services are still prominent on the Cresta, especially since the Inter-Services Championships for the Prince Philip Cup were introduced. The British, too, remain comfortably in the majority among riders.

The earliest runs were snow runs as opposed to the present ice run, and the riders sat upright on the toboggans. Then in 1888, the year after the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club was founded, a Mr. E. Cohen won a race on an “American” toboggan. This was similar to the present skeleton—actually introduced by Major Bulpetts four years later. The sliding seat followed in 1901.

The course varies each year but the run stays at 1,200 metres from

continued overleaf

Top to Finish, dropping 514 ft. Three years ago Mr. D. W. Collor set the record for the run from Top at 56 seconds (average speed 48 m.p.h.) and the record from Junction was set by the Italian rider Nino Bibbia in 1958 at 44.1 seconds (44 m.p.h. average). Much higher speeds used to be touched at one time when the banks were higher and in 1929 one rider finished at 77 m.p.h.

The Cresta's two classics are the Grand National, which starts from Top, and the Curzon Cup, which starts from Junction. This year both were won by Bibbia.

Riding the Cresta is an early-rising business. Once the sun is hot the surface of the run melts perilously, and safety requires that the day's sport is always over by lunchtime. Safety also requires that outsiders should never make the mistake of confusing the Cresta with the bob run. The bob is a two-and four-seater affair, controlled by the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club. The courses are parallel, but never the twain shall meet.



Onlookers, both with an interest, are Mrs. Vernon Pope and Mrs. Peggy Colling. Mrs. Pope organizes the Cresta Balls. Mrs. Colling's son is a rider



Riders have a hut to dress in (left). Outside, the Hon. C. Bathurst adjusts his metal-protected gloves. He came third in the Curzon Cup competition

Humping his skeleton, Mr. Dicky Craig (right) pays for shooting off the run at Stream. The skeleton, weighted with lead, is a heavy load to carry back

The bell tolls (below) to start a rider down the run. Mr. F. Fairchilds MacCarthy, in the starter's hut, is secretary of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club





Riders, waiting their turn, are F/O G. A. Richardson and F/O P. R. Callaghan, both pilots. Note the complete Cresta space suits with toothed-toecap brakes



Air Vice-Marshal R. Ramsay-Rae (left) flew from the Far East for his sleigh ride. He is in the Sunny Bar of the Kulm Hotel

Also in the Sunny Bar (below, left) the Marquess of Hamilton sits with other riders. This is the rendezvous for luncheon

The "Cresta roar," lasting about 45 seconds, follows (below) the presentation of the Curzon Cup. It's a whistle-and-sigh imitation of spectators watching a run

The cult of the Cresta *concluded*





Miss Antonia Palmer, sister of Sir Mark Palmer, Bt., Mr. Anthony Slesinger, who works on the Stock Exchange, and Miss Olda Willes



Mr. Ian Cox and Mrs. Jeanne Grewcock, daughter of Maj. Hubert Martineau, secretary of the St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club



Mr. Fairchild MacCarthy, secretary of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, and Mrs. Beatrix Borbas



Mr. Peter Rickett and Miss Virginia Ropner, daughter of Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt.



Captain Bill Beach and Mrs. Eve Fout. The ball was not as crowded as usual, as there was a large private party the same night

THE CRESTA BALL

in St. Moritz

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRODRICK HALDANE



Mrs. William de Vigier, who gave a big coming-out party for her daughter last year, and Col. Marcus Sieff



The Earl of Shelburne and the Hon. Katherine Baring, daughter of Lord Howick of Glendale

SNOW at Altcar for the Waterloo Cup

Muriel Bowen

SUNSHINE at Monte Carlo for the Rose Ball

I WENT NORTH to windswept Arctic Altcar, in Lancashire, for the Waterloo Cup meeting, of which the Earl of Sefton is president. There's much more to Altcar than greyhounds and hares. First impression is that the coursing authorities have gone to almost as much trouble to assemble suitably picturesque guests as the Royal Academy does for its Private View day. The difference is that anyone *can* go, by paying at the gate—only the dogs are by invitation.

Altcar seemed to provoke a refreshingly vibrant individualism. There was **Lady Hudson** (widow of Sir Austin) in a check shirt to match her check tweed deerstalker; **Lord Sefton**, 6-ft. plus, in baggy nylon water-proof trousers and carrying a handsome staff; Hertfordshire farmer **Mr. John Waddilow** in a white fur Macmillan-Moscow-type hat and woolly collar, a shearing from one of his own sheep, and **Lady Ohlson** in bright blue ski jacket and woolly green cap.

"They're all so interested in coursing that

they're completely unconscious of what they're wearing," explained **Lord Kenyon**, honorary secretary of the meeting.

The **Marquess of Bath** sat lunching in his hansom cab, the door ajar so he could leap out for a better view the moment another pair of dogs was slipped. Had he won the Waterloo Cup before? "Never. Don't know how anyone ever wins the thing . . . much more difficult than winning the Derby you know."

Ah well, he did better than most. His dog "Sir Beerbohm" won the Waterloo Plate, a sort of consolation prize.

Ancient cabs are part of the lore of Altcar, and an attractive sight they are, too, lined up nose to tail along the side of the course and giving a full view of what the dogs are up to. This year the cabs were a haven from a sharp north-easter and gusts of snow. Dispensing or enjoying hospitality along the line I saw the **Earl of Ilchester**, **Mrs. Basil Kerr**, who won this year's race with "Jonquil" (after 30 years of trying), **Col. Gerald Critchley**, who turns his energy to playing polo for Cowdray Park during the summer, and **Miss Grace Smith**, a cousin of Lady Berwick, who has bred some very good dogs at her home near Stansted in Essex.

I also saw **Mrs. Kenneth Shennan**, the only woman on the committee, and her daughter **Mrs. John de Burgh**, over from Ireland, **Sir Richard Burbidge, Bt.** (the pre-Fraser chairman of Harrods) and his brother-in-law and sister, **Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Holman**, **Mrs. "Muggins" Rhodes Moorhouse**, who has won the Cup once, and **Mr. & Mrs. Noel Hardy**, who won it last year.

The smartest cab was a shining dark-blue brake with a golden greyhound monogrammed on the door. One of the horses pulling it was a piebald, just as in the older sporting prints—a touch that would have met with the approval of **Sir Dymoke White**, president of the Coaching Club. "A hundred years or so ago it was a hearse," explained **Mr. Charles Molyneux Cohan**, the Liverpool shipowner. "I take it out once a year for this meeting. It's not worth while keeping a coachman and horses so I hire them for the three days."

Other keen coursers doing things in style

were **Lady Kenyon** and **Mrs. Drummond of Megginch** (sister of that famous breeder of foxhounds, **Sir John Buchanan-Jardine**). I enjoyed the way the door of their cab was swung open and a footman carrying a silver tureen announced: "The soup, your Ladyship." Altcar, middle of nowhere in the snow, wasn't so bleak after all.

But I've only been describing the unimportant sidelights. Coursing today is a flourishing sport. As **Lord Kenyon** said to me: "The calendar is becoming so full from September to March that it's becoming almost impossible to get a date for a two-day meeting."

And the comparison of the guests with those at the Academy is not a completely fair one. Unlike many who go to Burlington House and don't bother much with the pictures, the people of Altcar have one sole interest in being there: to watch greyhounds course a hare. Watching greyhounds in Siberian cold is not only a matter of keeping warm, but some of the onlookers were doing it with scientific efficiency. I was intrigued by **Lord Rank's** miniature binoculars mounted on a pair of spectacle frames. "Got them years ago in Leeds," he told me. "But I can't imagine any woman ever wanting to wear them. You can't possibly look handsome with all this stuff on your face!"

Best tip for next year wasn't about dogs but about clothes. It came from **Mr. T. Langton Birley**, who wore four overcoats. "The great thing here," he said, "is to dress so that you survive."

MONTE CARLO :

Sir Winston reigns . . .

Mr. Onassis's plans . . .

I went to Altcar straight from five days on the Riviera. It has become the sight of Monte Carlo to watch **Sir Winston Churchill** walk through the lounge of the Hotel de Paris at teatime. The rattle of cups ceases, conversation stops, and the guests of a dozen nationalities get to their feet—a few with the

continued on page 335

Westminster Philanthropics



The City of Westminster Philanthropic Society this month revived its annual dinner-dance, not held since prewar. Group-Captain **Gordon Pirie**, Mayor of Westminster, won a tombola prize, handed to him by **Mrs. Dorothy Hampton**. With them: **Major A. Huskisson**, the society's chairman. The dinner-dance was in Grosvenor House



1



2



3

Coursing at Altcar

*Two pages of pictures
of the three-day classic,
won by a 100-1 shot, Jonquil*

4



5

- 1 Lady Kenyon's greyhound, Bryn Philander, with his trainer
- 2 Miss Grace Smith, who breeds dogs in Essex
- 3 Mr. Walter Sutcliffe was attending his 22nd Waterloo Cup
- 4 Lady Ohlson, wife of Sir Eric Ohlson, Bt.
- 5 The Earl of Ilchester
- 6 A line of cabs provided shelter from the snow
- 7 The Marquess of Bath

6



7



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



*Coursing at
Altcar*

continued

1 Lord Rank. He is a leading breeder of gun dogs



2 The Earl of Sefton, president of the meeting, and Lord Kenyon, the honorary secretary

3 Lady Hudson. Her dog, Patrician Hound, was eliminated from the Cup on the second day

4 Mrs. Hope Vere and Mrs. Drummond of Megginch

5 In headscarf and sheepskin, Mrs. D. Keith

6 Mr. T. Langton Birley dressed for the weather and even encased his card



MURIEL BOWEN

continued from page 332

aid of sticks, but just as quick as the others. Not even **Prince Rainier & Princess Grace**—she's even more beautiful now than when she married—get such V.I.P. treatment. At the Bal de la Rose, guests continued to tuck into their caviar (some had got as far as the soup) when the couple walked to their table. Nobody stood up but, then, Prince Rainier and his wife have made it known that they like to "slip in quietly."

You don't have to be British round there to realize that Sir Winston is Monte Carlo's uncrowned monarch. The moment he takes his chair at one of the tables in the Casino people close in behind him. They are not interested in just *seeing* him, they want to touch his coat for luck! Casino officials now get behind the chair first, keeping the luck-seekers—most of them Greeks and Italians—out of reach.

Sir Winston's presence has a paralytic effect on other players at the table. They continue placing their chips for ten minutes or so, then as they become more intent on watching the great man they lose all interest in the game. In the end the only active players at the table are Sir Winston and his host in Monte Carlo, **Mr. Aristotle Onassis**. They didn't have much luck the night I was here, but they laughed like schoolboys when they did.

I had a drink aboard Mr. Onassis's yacht, *Christina*. It must have the only bar in the world where as you sip your drink you can read the *Odyssey*, which is engraved on whales' teeth mounted as arm rests on the counter. One of the show things of the yacht is a picture which Sir Winston gave Mr. Onassis after one of their cruises together. It hangs in the drawing-room and shows a corner of the garden at Chartwell, with a stream running between the trees.

Two days before their return to England Sir Winston & **Lady Churchill** came down from their penthouse suite in the Hotel de Paris—where they were guests of Mr. Onassis for their five weeks' stay—for a farewell dinner aboard. A wonderful welcome was arranged, with red carpet and brass rods on the gangplank—and, typical of Onassis thoroughness, it was being brushed at intervals for three hours before Sir Winston arrived. Prince Rainier & Princess Grace attended and saw the film, *Sink The Bismarck!* in the drawing-room. It was the

concluded overleaf



AT THE BAL DE LA ROSE

*Miss Ava Gardner and Prince Rainier**Right: Sir Frank & Lady Sanderson**Princess Grace and Mr. Aristotle Onassis*



Vivienne

MISS VIVIEN INNES, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. Arnold Innes, of Earlsferry, Fife, is having a London cocktail party on 22 April and a coming-out dance in Scotland in the autumn. Her father is vice-president of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund

MURIEL BOWEN continued from page 335

idea of Mr. Spyros Skouras that Sir Winston should see it before it was publicly released, so he sent a copy of the film over to his friend Mr. Onassis.

By 11.30 p.m. the guests, including Lady Churchill, drove home along the pier, while Sir Winston and his host had a session at the Casino. In Monte Carlo Mr. Onassis has been known to sit up chatting with his friends until 6 a.m. A rarity among men who talk and talk, he's never boring. But who suggests bed first when he stays up late with Sir Winston? He roared with laughter. "At twelve-thirty he suggests that I go to bed, and I agree with him."

Mr. Onassis tells me that he is about to expand his present interests in Monte Carlo. New plans embrace the increasing number of people who want to go to Monte Carlo but who find the accommodation they want already booked up, and also on the changed facilities expected by the present-day tourist. Mr. Onassis is going to build about 200 service flats overlooking the yacht basin and they will be connected with the Hotel de Paris by an underground tunnel. An indoor swimming pool with therapeutic facilities and a car park for several hundred cars under the hotel are also planned. It will take about two years to complete these plans.

Another scheme aims at attracting more young people in winter. Mr. Onassis plans a helicopter service from somewhere in the middle of the Principality to Avron in the French Alps ("it will only take 50 minutes") so that skiers can combine a holiday on skis—Avron's slopes are about 6,000 ft.—with the fun of the Riviera, such as the galas at the International Sporting Club.

Outstanding of this year's winter galas was the *Bal de la Rose*, with 10,000 red and pink roses decorating the Club and an international cabaret for the entertainment of the 400 guests. Among those I saw there were Lord & Lady Kenilworth, Sir Frank & Lady Sanderson, Miss Ava Gardner and the

Duke of Leeds. The Duchess, who was at the time in England (but has since returned to Cap Martin), tells me that her "One-Man Show" in London opens in May.

Monte Carlo at this time of year, just before the opening of "the Flat," is a Mecca for racing people. I saw Mr. & Mrs. Vincent O'Brien (he'll be invading Lincoln instead of Cheltenham this year now that he's given up jumpers entirely) and also Mr. Clive Graham, at the Casino. Neither were gambling. As one or other of them said: "It's even money the field here. On a racecourse you can get six to one about some of them." I asked Mr. Graham about his daughter Penny who has had success as a model since coming out two years ago. She's now giving up a permanent job with Mr. Hardy Amies in order to freelance.

During one of my visits to the Casino I noticed that people were having difficulty in figuring out their winnings. The new notes are all marked, "N.F."—new francs. The old ones remain in circulation, but at the new devalued rate. For instance the old *mille*, or thousand-franc note, is now only worth 100. People have their own system of figuring out exactly what their money is worth.

"I keep calling the thousand '*mille*,' even if it is marked, '100 N.F.'," Mrs. Ruby Hamilton-Lang said. "If you go on calling things what you have always called them you can't go wrong." Mrs. Hamilton-Lang was holidaying in Monte Carlo with her sisters, Lady McKenzie-Wood and Miss Blanche Davis. It was their brother who gave the very successful racehorse Bali Ha'i to the Queen Mother when she visited New Zealand a few years ago. "We go and see him run whenever we can," Miss Davis told me. "We still think of him as almost one of the family, and last Christmas Capt. Boyd-Rochfort (he trains the horse for the Queen Mother) sent me a Christmas card in his name."

BRIGGS by Graham





Mr. Alan Sievwright dressed as Verdi's Nabucco and won the first prize for men for the fourth year running

PHOTOS: LEWIS MORLEY



The OPERA BALL at the Dorchester

At right: The Countess of Harewood (top) was chairman of the ball held at the Dorchester in aid of the English Opera Group. She came as the First Lady from Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. Australian soprano Miss June Bronhill (centre) was Lulu from the Alban Berg opera. The Earl of Harewood (bottom) was Don Basilio from *The Barber Of Seville*

Below: Mrs. Edward Sieff and Mrs. Kenneth Snowman (left), disguised as opera glasses, shared the prize for the best pair with Mr. John Amis and Miss Angela Richards (right) who came as William Tell and his son from Rossini's opera



Putting down roots

by LORD KILBRACKEN

THE CROP I PLANTED this morning will not be harvested for well over 100 years. Neither I, nor my son Christopher, who is already 15, will live to reap it, nor, in all probability, *his* son either. Round about 2100 some dim-distant, unthought-of Godley—the sixth baron, perhaps, if barons, and Killegar, and the world still exist—will thank me, I hope, as the mature oak goes off to Dublin for veneering.

I plant a few thousand trees every year, not all of them for such altruistic reasons. The poplar which I was putting in last week—they are canker-free hybrids, *populi serotinae*—may be ready for the match-factory in only a quarter of a century. I would then be 64, an age when a tax-free income would come in handy.

I find, however, that one has to put selfish motives aside when it comes to planting trees, and to consider the continuing fortunes, through the hungry generations, of one's family and one's property, rather than one's own. I would be a thankless scion if I did not replace the trees planted by John Godley, my great-great-grandfather, which I am now selling in small parcels every year because the crop is ripe, and which brings in lovely cheques. John began putting trees into the bare Leitrim hills when he finished building the house in 1807, and they've been earning an intermittent income over the last 100 years.

For good measure and in gratitude, I plant about 50 trees for every one I cut. The Norway and sitka spruce, which form the bulk of my plantings, have a rotation of only 40 to 60 years in Ireland, thanks to the heavy rainfall and mild winters. (They are probably growing for at least nine months of the year, and an annual gain in height of forty inches is commonplace.) I started planting in 1953, so I might see them felled if I can achieve 72—a cheap way of acquiring an old-age pension.

But the first thinnings can be sold, for pitprops or pulping, after as little as 17 years, and the Norway after only five

years or less, if you grow them as Christmas trees.

The cost of all this replacement is perhaps one-tenth of my forestry receipts, even though the planting grant is lower here than in England. I feel this is no more than I owe my ancestors—and my descendants. Indeed, it's a very profitable investment if you can afford to wait, or if you want to provide for your children, and it frequently amazes me that so little of it is done here. One year, if the official statistics can be believed, I personally did two per cent of all private planting in the Republic. The value of timber has never been higher; oak trees which my father sold before the war for a pound or two each would be worth upwards of £100 today for veneering—and prices in England are even higher. A walnut or a curly-grained sycamore can fetch several hundred pounds. Even mature softwood is worth about £1,000 an acre, and is best grown on scrubby marginal land, useless for any other purpose and therefore almost valueless. I have many such acres and am slowly putting them to use.

My oak are grown from Killegar acorns, my chestnut from Killegar conkers. A tree, like a human or racehorse, passes on its characteristics to its young, so I choose seed from straight, clean, sound parents. They then spend three to four years in the nursery. I find it more economical to buy my softwoods and poplars as seedlings, and they come from my bearded and organic-minded friend, Joseph H. Benjamin, whose small but model nursery, compost fed, is on the shore of Lough Gill in County Sligo.

I drove there last week, on a blue-grey winter day, to collect the 300 poplar and the thousand sitka spruce which, with my own oak and chestnut, make up this year's planting. It's a fine drive from Killegar: across Ballyheady Mountain, stopping on the way for ten minutes with Andy Huggins, who must be the best *raconteur* in Ireland, at his cabin on the mountainside; on through Ballyconnell to Swanlinbar; close under purple Cuilcagh to Glengavlen, and thence to

Shannon Pot, where the newly-born river, already six feet wide, floods mysteriously from a perfectly circular pool of swirling black water, perhaps ten yards in diameter. I have jumped the Shannon here. Then by way of Blacklion to Manorhamilton, on through mountainy country to the Atlantic at Bundoran, and along the coast by way of Mullaghmore and Drumcliffe to Sligo.

At Mullaghmore, which has two pubs and possibly 40 inhabitants, there is a mile-long beach of fine yellow sand, sweeping in a great crescent, which even in midsummer is often almost empty, though there may be a trio of nuns from the nearby convent, who decorously raise their black habits to paddle in the shallows. In Drumcliffe churchyard, as he ordained, Yeats is laid. A plain rectangular slab of local limestone marks his grave, cut with his own epitaph:

*"On life, on death, cast a cold eye.
Horseman, pass by."*

Rooks were noisy in the graveyard sycamores, and bare Ben Bulbin rose bluely above the sharp church steeple. There were no flowers on the poet's grave, which has been concreted over, so I borrowed some snowdrops from James and Susannah Shaw, who lie next door, and remedied the deficiency before passing by.

So towards nightfall to Hollywell on the shores of Lough Gill, where my poplar and sitka awaited me, and an admirable tea, before heading back to Killegar, to heel in the seedlings at once, by way of Boyle, Carrick-on-Shannon and Mohill.

Thus, as a forester if as nothing else, the years ahead look rosier and rosier. Already, at 39, I have stood in the shade of trees I planted myself. At 49, I'd have a nice little income from thinnings. At 59, that income would be doubled; at 69, with the first poplar coming in, it would be trebled or more. If I reached 80, my sitka would surely be mature. Alas! by then I will be a little over-mature myself; otherwise at long last, I would have become a *bon parti*.



Gerli Deutsch

Narrow streets and a profusion of bicycles. Inject a market town's motor traffic, and you have the problem of the two log-jammed universities. Cambridge, illustrated here, proposes to rebuild the central Lion Yard area, reproduced below with the sanction of H.M.S.O. Crown copyright



CONTROVERSY

THE CASE OF THE DITHERING DONS

BY DIANA ROWNTREE

CAN THERE BE A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE INABILITY OF Oxford and Cambridge to solve their planning problems and the number of eggheads living within their boundaries? Because the funny thing is that it is only the ineptitude that is the same—not the planning problems.

Of course both Oxford and Cambridge are in the quandary of any medieval town with narrow streets and charming rickety buildings shakily supporting each other (the kind of buildings we all love, so have framed the by-laws to prevent us ever building again). Besides this the universities have one and a half times as many students as they can comfortably hold. The shops have to serve three times as many people as can balance on the pavements, and the streets were already too narrow before motor-cars were thought of. It is impossible to adapt either town to the needs of the motor-car without major concessions from both sides. But Cambridge wrangles over the Lion Yard scheme, and the question of where Oxford should put its by-pass, a hardy annual since before the last war, has now reached the stage where the City Council has come down in favour of diverting the traffic right through Christ Church meadow.

To people without benefit of higher education the Oxford by-pass question seems one of those painful decisions that have to be reached. Are there, after all, so many possibilities? In fact there are three; to build a normal outer by-pass to keep the traffic right outside the city; to widen the existing High Street (*widen The High?* Yes, even though this is the sort of street you cannot widen, only destroy); or to compromise

continued overleaf

THE CASE OF THE DITHERING DONS *continued*

by cutting a road through some of the less sacred areas of the old town. The choice is a stern one, but not, one would have thought, beyond the scope of our finest intellects. In this however one would have been wrong. Year in, year out, come peace, come war (though war is a time when this kind of problem can be happily shelved), town and gown have lobbed this problem back and forth across the net. When the local authority, goaded by the Ministry of Transport, produced a scheme, the university gownned itself, sharpened its wits and made short work of it. The university is not in the unhappy position of a local authority, that has to make provision for traffic and all that sort of awkwardness. This is not a war of words but of interests. The more trade is done in the town, the less quiet there is in the campus.

A complication is that Dr. Thomas Sharpe, as planning consultant, discovered that little of the traffic can be deflected by a by-pass. Most of the drivers in the Oxford traffic jam are there because that is the place they have come to see, to make sure if the dear old place is still rotting away at the normal speed, or simply because Oxford is their market town and they have an understandable urge to do their shopping. When Dr. Sharpe's report first appeared, the more responsible element in the university decided the time had come to face the facts and make some sacrifice.

The best plan was to turn the High Street into the central precinct of the University, by closing it to traffic and sinking a motorway below the level of Christ Church meadow. This slightly curtailed the felicity of Christ Church, Corpus and Merton. Neither these three colleges nor the High Street shopkeepers were in the mood for sacrifice.

One cannot help suspecting that it was not this unwillingness so much as a deep sense of guilt that prevented the university from pulling its weight in the matter of the traffic problem. Traffic, after all, is made of motor-cars, and motor-cars are made at Cowley. Over the years, rich uncle Nuffield has coughed up huge sums for the advancement of learning. There must have been some among all those trained minds who foresaw what industry on the Cowley scale could do to Oxford, others who saw the planning problems that were being manufactured with the motor-cars. But the university in its chosen rôle of expectant nephew was in no position to play the far-seeing parent. Town, gown and the rest of us are paying for it now.

At Cambridge things are a little different. Shops, pubs and colleges are well and truly intertwined, but it is possible to see King's Parade as the backbone of the university while Hill's Road is that of the town. Of course it is traditional for our older universities to be part of old-world towns, but even the most intelligent people ought to be able to see that life is different with motor-cars. It is motor-cars, not shops, that have to be kept out of university precincts. For this reason it is clearly obscurantist for Cambridge University to sit back and watch Cambridge Corporation struggling with their joint planning problems, and later to brief counsel to argue what has been decided. But the university continues to wait until the Corporation acts—though no Corporation could be more reluctant to act than that of Cambridge. Only pressure from the county brought it to the point of calling forth the Lion Yard scheme—for it well knew the sequence of protest, inquiry, cross-examination and strife that must follow, not to



Doomed under the Cambridge Lion Yard scheme is the Lion Hotel (above), not perhaps an architectural gem but with a nostalgic charm for generations of Cambridge men. Right: "The quandary of any medieval town with narrow streets and charming rickety buildings shakily supporting each other (the kind of buildings we all love, so have framed the by-laws to prevent us ever building again)"

mention the real difficulties of planning such small, valuable and inaccessible sites.

Though planning as a basis for building rather than argument has yet to reach these universities, architecture is beginning to look up, after the 60 lost years. At a time when le Corbusier surprised Paris with his *Pavillon Suisse* in the Cité Universitaire, Oxford had developed the gloomy laboratory region around Parks Road, and Cambridge built up a promising meadow site in spec builders' neo-Tudor. At a time when Mies van der Rohe added to the classic grandeur of the campus at the Illinois Institute of Technology, Nuffield College produced the saddest piece yet of comic-opera Gothic. Now the Cambridge Department of Architecture has put out a live shoot, Magdalen has a pleasant modern quad and Clare a crisply thought-out wing for undergraduates. Corpus at Oxford has some modest additions, and under the threat of foreign competition, with St. Catherine's using a Danish architect, more colleges are plunging for live architects.

All this makes it more difficult for the outsider to understand why town and gown authorities do not get together informally over the port a couple of wars before the traffic actually reaches a standstill, and consider some constructive planning. Can it be that the much coveted education in these ear-locked towns teaches people to split hairs rather than to solve problems? Are clever people better at thinking than just ordinary people? Or is planning a Mystery that only its devotees can follow?

Not that the dons are the only ditherers . . .



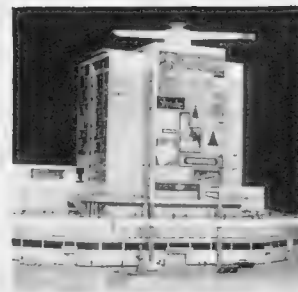
Gerti Deutsch



The City of London Corporation can hardly be proud of its achievement in repairing the devastation round St. Paul's. Eighteen years and several plans after the bombing the scene is still much as seen here—and where new buildings have gone up they are almost as unsightly as the rubble



The London County Council could scarcely congratulate itself on developments on the old Festival site. On what was once a clear open space for civic enterprise it delayed so long that commerce has now moved in with the clumsy outside office block still a-building



The Royal Fine Art Commission hasn't exactly come well out of the Piccadilly Circus row. The one thing it minded about the proposed monstrosity shown here was the only bright idea in the design: grouping the ads. on special walls



Borough councils have nothing to boast about, either. The ambitious High Paddington scheme could have transformed a derelict district into a model self-contained community. It's on the shelf now, and the borough council showed little enough energy in keeping it off



The Government had better not point to its own example as long as it consists of a structure like this sprawling scar on the Embankment. Instead of giving a fillip to the best in modern design, governments were content to resurrect prewar plans. Now the same is happening with Lutyens's bridge near Staines

Time and Motion

by MONICA FURLONG

I WAS READING the other day that Mr. Marples, as if he hadn't got enough on his mind with traffic chaos, goes in for business efficiency at home, too. He is a time-and-motion addict. It sounds as though he would get along fine with a remarkable woman I once knew who used to say that housewives should regard themselves as house managers. Instead of allowing their daily routine to become a muddle of coffee-drinking and telephone chats, glances through magazines and incredulous eavesdroppings on Mrs. Dale (with occasional incursions into washing-up, dusting, cooking and shampooing the carpet) they should bring to the whole operation the clear, calculating approach of the factory manager. Lazy, slapdash methods, she used to tell me, only made more work in the long run, whereas a house that ran by clock-work was almost no trouble at all. Two brisk hours after breakfast, how often can I remember her saying, and the thing was done. One could be free as a bird to spend the rest of the day as one wished, and be placidly waiting, bathed, combed, scented and dressed, to greet one's exhausted husband when he staggered in from the office.

I didn't like to tell her that I rarely seem able to digest breakfast and that in the two hours she referred to I was still miserably trying to prise my eyelids open and push back the oppressive sense of doom I always have before eleven o'clock in the morning. She was clearly not the companion for a sympathetic tour of my neuroses. All the same I did tell her that in no circumstances whatsoever could the chores of my household be accomplished in a couple of hours even with the charwoman and I both labouring like a pair of cart-horses.

"Get the time-and-motion man in," she replied smartly, and elaborated one of those appealing theories whereby if you have the cooker next to the sink, and the sink next to the draining-board, and a trolley (for clean crockery) next to the draining-board, and the dining-room just next door instead of at the end of a passage as long as the Cresta Run, you save yourself a hundred miles a week, or 25.25 man hours.

This is obviously an excellent idea but I never did get a time-and-motion man, largely because I don't know where they are to be had and am too lazy to find out, but also because I should be terribly embarrassed when he found out what a muddler I am, and I should probably burst into tears at the least breath of criticism. I hate criticism. But I am curious to know what he would have done, though.

For one thing, my kitchen walls are punctuated so frequently by windows, doors, ventilators, cupboards and wet mackintoshes people have hung up to dry, that it would be quite impossible to stand *anything* next to anything else unless we used doll-size furniture. For another, one of the most impressive features of my kitchen is a room-sized cupboard not so much built-in as built-out by the last owner of the house (a raving lunatic). This is so huge that it divides the room, originally square, into an unusual L-shape, and one can only find out who is in the other leg of the room by an elaborate system of hallooing. (One could go and look, of course.) It effectively balks all attempts to do things quickly and efficiently. The T.-and-M. would say "Pull it down," and there is nothing I should like better if Raving Madman had not seen fit to make its walls slightly thicker than those of the Tower of London. No doubt he intended to shut himself up in there when they arrived with the strait-jacket.

One thing that the T.-and-M. man would like very much is the fact that we have a small breakfast-room of incredible convenience opening off the kitchen; fond memory does sometimes recall the sedate, dignified days when there were just the two of us and we used, anyhow on Sundays, to breakfast austere in there, passing the marmalade and reading the newspapers in peace, perfect peace. It was lovely.

What no T.-and-M. man could possibly foresee was that as the dynasty expanded, my children would elect to use this room, as indeed they use the kitchen itself, as a kind of auxiliary nursery, and come running in with all their little occupations and

pastimes to strew them over the linoleum.

"Now dears," I tell them, "you do understand that no toys must be left lying around on the floor either in here or in the kitchen?" I warm to my theme like a foreman giving a talk on the Factory Acts and Safety Regulations.

"You see Mother might trip carrying a pan of scalding water, she might fall over holding a tureen of burning hot soup, she might tumble and catch herself alight on a gas burner, or she might simply slip and break a leg." Their eyes brighten at the promise of these interesting events, so I continue heavily: "Remember, last week I trod a Dinky Toy underfoot."

At this a kind of leisurely panic breaks out and for a few hours it is possible to discern the pattern of the floor covering, but the mood inevitably ebbs. As I look around me now (I usually write in the kitchen) I notice one doll's pram, one horse on wheels, two teddy-bears, a traffic jam of toy cars, a plastic covered-wagon, a marble or two, a toy xylophone and a tennis-ball. Just disappearing into the main body of the L, there is an unsavoury rubble of broken crayons, an ancient teething-ring, a sleazy fairy which once queened it over the Christmas tree, and a dismembered doll's trunk. I don't know what the T.-and-M. man would say.

The fact is (if you can stand a nugget personally hacked by me from the seam of raw experience) one can only be the kind of person one is. If you are, as I am, a natural muddler, all the T.-and-M. men in the world can't save you. Often when I am coping with some neglected chore at an hour of leisure for everybody else I think how lovely it must be to be organized. On the other hand when I am blithely setting off to London on a fine morning, lying in bed reading the newspapers, or luxuriating in the bath with a cup of hot tea, at hours when the efficient people are washing and polishing and slaving over the vacuum cleaner, I think how lucky I am to be such a feckless old thing. It takes all kinds to make a house manager, I say.

The Word is **WHITE**

The word is white for most things you can think of in a quick list ranging from telephones and radios to luggage and motor cars. The signs are that the rage will continue—even the weather forecast seems in agreement—and since the whole thing began with clothes the fashion pages are having a white week starting with a suit from Christian Dior—London. The material is white lace tweed, the semi-fitted jacket has the longer line, a wide collar, three-quarter sleeves and is trimmed at the waist with a flat bow. The skirt is straight. Price: 52 gns., from Rocha, Grafton Street, W.1; Cavendish House, Cheltenham; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield. Hat in burnt-brown chip straw is trimmed with a rose and there are matching gloves, also by Christian Dior. Cream shoes with a "flame" on the vamp by Roger Vivier for Dior. White pearl and cinnamon crystal beads by Adrien Mann. Black and white Staunton chess set costs £35 (wooden chess box £10) from Mackett Beeson, 26 Carnaby Street.

Photographed by Cornel Lucas



The word is **WHITE** *continued*



Left: White tiered broderie anglaise for a young evening dress with strapless bodice and a belt which ties in a flat bow. By Susan Small, it costs 24 gns. at Selfridges; House of Mirelle, Hull; Bobbys, Eastbourne. Crystal cascade necklace by Adrien Mann. White satin evening shoes are diamanté trimmed, by Charles Jourdan, they cost 10½ gns. White in the décor: a slatted wooden screen, £58 from Hicks & Parr and an Italian alabaster lamp and shade cost 12 gns., £3 6s. 7d. from The General Trading Company

Opposite: The ultimate in white silk jersey, a draped dress by Mattli of Basil Street with a huge white fox stole from the same house. Rhinestone pendant, ear-rings by Adrien Mann. Full length gloves in Pittard's leather. Abstract painting by Terry Frost from the Waddington Galleries, Cork Street, W.1





Opposite: Absence of sleeves and complete lack of clutter make a shape for today in pure white Moygashel linen. Strelitz dress: 4½ gns. at Woolland's; Whitfields, Wolverhampton; Renée Shaw, Sutton. Christian Dior-designed white straw hat by Dolores, 6 gns. at Dickins & Jones. Opaque white beads by Adrien Mann. White straw and calf mounted handbag: £10 19s. 6d. at the new Susan Handbags shop in Regent Street. Gloves in Pittard's white washable leather and white calf court shoes from most Dolcis branches: 5 gns. White opaque glass: square vase £5 10s. from Heal's, old English oil lamp, 10 gns. at Elizabeth Eaton. Bottle shaped milk glass vases, £1 and 25s. each. Candy jars

with pointed lids, 59s. 6d. each. All from Woolland's. Opaline goblets, £1 18s. 6d. & £1 5s. each from The General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1

Below: Double cashmere long-line cardigan by Braemar has extra warmth and weight. It is paired by lined white tapered woollen pants. Cardigan: £11 9s. 6d., trousers 12 gns., both at Woollands. White pearlized calf pumps: 39s. 11d. at most Dolcis branches. Pearl ropes by Adrien Mann, cigarette holder from Dunhill's, Duke Street: £3 5s. Shaggy sheepskin rugs from Heal's: £8 15s. each. White stereophonic radiogram framed in honey coloured wood by Braun at Derry & Toms

The word is **WHITE** *continued*





Opposite: In the world of jet age travel, white naturally takes to the air in a windproof and pliable leather coat imported by Berg of Mayfair from Switzerland. It costs around 56 gns. from Harvey Nichols, London; Anthonie, Cardiff; Herbert Samuels, Leeds. To wear with white: grey and white shaded chiffon scarf by Hermes, gloves in Pittard's leather and a natural hide hand-

bag from Susan Handbags, Regent Street, 9 gns. White pearlized calf shoes from most Dolcis branches, £4 9s. 11d. Chic luggage—three pieces are from Noton's "Victor Viceroy" range. Spongeable and strong, they are made from resin bonded reinforced cellulose. Overnight case: £9 5s., companion case: £11 10s. and pullman: £13 5s. All from Selfridges

The word is **WHITE** *continued*



Above: Long, loose jacket over narrow skirt is still the order of the day. This rough surfaced white tweed suit by Frederick Starke at Chanelle, Knightsbridge; Vogue, Cambridge; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. White straw cloche with a brown suède band by R. M. Hats, 10 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London.

White in a handbag from Susan Handbags: £13 15s., a painted wood chair in the Chinese Chipendale style with a cane seat: £30 from Hicks & Parr and Icelandic sheepskin rugs: £8 15s. each at Heal's. White calf shoes, 5 gns., by Dolcis. Jewellery by Adrien Mann. Cigarette holder from Dunhills



White stands out in a crowd for an important occasion, looks good with white accessories and jewels. The silk shantung wrap-over coat by Rima costs 34½ gns. from Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street; McDonalds, Glasgow; Samuels, Manchester. Spotted white veiling R.M. hat is slotted with straw: 16 gns. at

Woolland's. Bag from Susan Handbags, Regent Street: 11 gns. and white kid shoes from Charles Jourdan cost 8 gns. Glossy white bead cascades by Adrien Mann. White fircone vase from The General Trading Company is filled with white flowers, mixed with green and yellow, arranged by Edward Goodyear, Brook St.

The word is **WHITE** *concluded*

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Making-up to white

THE new beauty game is playing-up to white—which is certainly the starkest and often the unkindest of colours. White tends to steal the scene and make the wearer merely an accessory to its own stunning looks. White pairs with even the dimmest of tans—but it drains a pale English skin, especially when it has been toned even lighter by winter.

Skin and eyes are the features to play up and all the mouth needs is a light but bright coverage of lipstick. If there is a supplementary colour involved in accessories, lipstick must be geared to tone. A beige skin tone is safest unless you are equipped with beautiful eyes and good bone structure, for white throws the face into focus and spotlights good looks. Beige makes a muted background for eyes and mouth.

Two beauty makers with recipes for beige are Elizabeth Arden and Rose Laird.

If your skin has plenty of natural colouring try Arden's *Beige* foundation, plus No. 5 *Invisible Veil*—No. 5½ if skin is a little pale. *Light Rosetta* foundation makes a honey-beige tone. Lipstick for the grey-haired should be a flattering blue, never a coral tone. Young lips light up with *Star Topaz* under *Arden Pink*—the pink gives a sharp, clear vibrancy to the orangy lipstick, which looks dull on its own under artificial light. Pretty too is *Pure Red* under *Arden Pink* lipstick—the pink adds a livelier covering to the deeper red.

Eye beauty steers a vivid course with emphasis on natural colouring—Arden's *Oriental* shadow captures the light with a flickering cast of gold, applied with a paint brush. This could be combined with narrow elongated lids which have been extended with a carefully applied line of pencil close to the lashes.

Rose Laird's plan for white has a basis of *French Beige* foundation which is a muted creamy neutral and a finish of darker powder in *Tropical*. Pale skins who want a stronger skin tone need *Sinnaber* powder over *French Beige* foundation. Laird's lipstick is *New American* in *Luscious Red*—a clear light red.

To intensify green eyes and brighten blue: *Jade* eye shadow is a strong singing green, or there is *Grey Green* for more conservative colouring. Lashes are brushed with black or brown mascara or eye colour matching lashes for the daring.

Strikingly good-looking faces can get away with a paler skin. Lancôme make a creamy velvet basis for powder: *Brise* and *Tramontane Supple* foundations, both of which harmonize with white. Lipsticks specially launched for white are *Ardent* and *Laurier Rose*—the first a vibrant pillar-box red with no blue, the second a pink lilac. Normally mascara-less lashes need contrasting or matching emphasis for what to wear with white. Subtle eyelash colours are *Vert Foncé* (dark green), *Bleu Foncé* (dark blue) and *Violine* (purple). Shadow can be *Turquoise*, *Turquoise Pailletées* or *Jacinthe Pailletées*.



Terence Donovan

A lively-looking make-up to wear with white is topped with smooth, shiny hair by Vidal Sassoon. Components (below) are Elizabeth Arden lipstick, nail lacquer, eyeshadow & compressed powder compact. Centre: Lancôme lipstick & Supple foundation. Rose Laird face powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil & Poudre-Set





Speaking to some purpose is discussed, then students each address an audience and are criticized

Be a better boss

Educating executives is the idea of a 165 gn. pioneer course—after all, there's more to a top job than just Latin and rugger

THOUGH every business has its quota of employees who would like to teach the boss a thing or two, the real trouble is that there is nobody who can give him lessons. Training schemes cover everybody except the company director, the senior executive and the manager. As labour relations hinge on the boss and as labour relations seem to be in a poorish way in Britain, could it be that the boss might handle his side of it better? It could—and this is one of the reasons for demands for a management college. Earlier this month Sir Alexander Fleck appealed for £100,000 to launch such a college, and Oxford is contemplating a course for senior business men. But the Regent Street Polytechnic, true to its pioneering tradition, already runs three short courses a year, taken over from the British Institute of Management. Each lasts a month and costs 165 gns., and students live in. Candidates have to be between 30 and 48, and be earmarked for promotion in their company. They are taught by specialist staff and visiting lecturers who all spend a part of the year in employment in industry. So there should be none of that theoretical detachment sometimes associated with university instruction. A course this year included executives from Esso Petroleum, H. J. Heinz, Rolls-Royce, Dunlop Rubber and the Eastern Electricity Board. The subjects ranged from interviewing to the European Common Market



The technique of interviewing is taught. At top, Mrs. Margaret Brown, authoress and experienced personnel-worker, lays down some principles. In test interviews, students learn how to make the candidate forthcoming



Students form into syndicates to tackle some of the problems, thereby pooling knowledge from many different industries. These sessions sometimes produce work that is valuable on its own merits



Three students, three industries. From left, Mr. I. Amraie of Iranian Oil Exploration & Producing Co., Mr. K. H. Garland of British Nylon Spinners and Mr. R. L. Cochrane of the Central Electricity Generating Board

MARDI GRAS

way down yonder

by OLWEN LAWTON



THE first full-dress Mardi Gras procession wound through the streets of New Orleans just over a hundred years ago but the tradition of carnival in Louisiana goes back to Shrove Tuesday of 1699 when Iberville claimed the Mississippi delta for France.*

This year more than a million dollars will have been spent on a carnival that brings in a ten-fold return in tourists and trade. Festivities begin in the previous November and culminate in the grand procession on the eve of Lent. The 60-odd balls that make up the season are private functions held in the Municipal Auditorium and can be attended only by special invitation.

The organizing Clubs, or Krewe, bearing such names as Comus, Hermes, Rex, Momus and Proteus, elect themselves a King and spend the entire year planning their parades and balls.

Most of the functions are organized by men but the greatest honour is to be chosen Queen. And since son traditionally follows father in the rôle of King, so every mother of

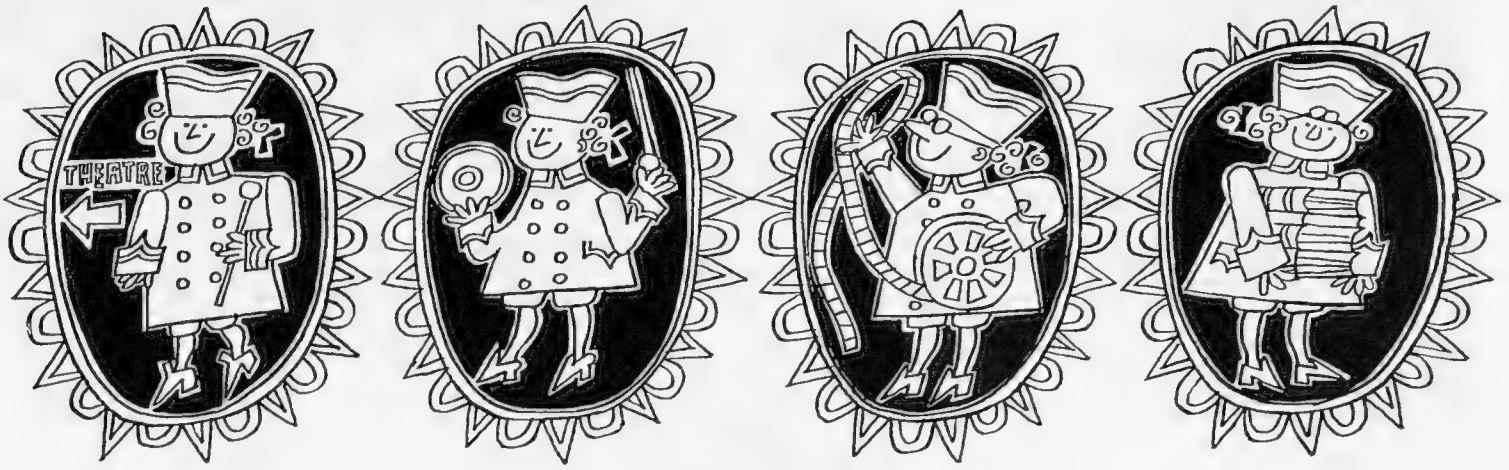
a pretty daughter dreams of her one day being Queen. Her ball gown alone can cost over 1,000 dollars and with expenses like that it's hardly surprising that more than one King has found himself upwards of 50,000 dollars the poorer at the end of a season. The only item that doesn't cost father money is the reigning beauty's regalia. This is provided by the Krewe and is never used twice but handed down as a family heirloom.

On Mardi Gras every shop and business house closes down but night clubs and bars stay open for the masked and costumed revellers. A forest of arms greets the passing parades and voices shout: "Mister, throw me something." The trinkets are small and cheap but as a string of glass beads flies into the crowd everyone tries to grab it.

For it's another tradition in New Orleans that the one who catches a favour from the passing floats will have good luck till the next Mardi Gras.

* The territory was incorporated into the U.S.A. under the terms of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803.

Above, right: The Zulu Queen has a box of favours to be thrown to the crowd and scrambled for by urchins like the boy (above) who has already collected a couple of necklaces



VERDICTS

The play. **ST. JOAN.** Old Vic.
(Barbara Jefford, Alec McCowen, Robert Harris, Walter Hudd, Donald Houston.)

The films. **SINK THE BISMARCK!** Director Lewis Gilbert.
(Kenneth More, Dana Wynter, Michael Hordern, Esmond Knight, Geoffrey Keen.)

TWO-WAY STRETCH. Director Robert Day.
(Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, Maurice Denham.)

MAN OF STRAW—THE SEDUCER. Director Pietro Germi.
(Luisa della Noce, Franca Bettoja.)

NIGHT & FOG. Director Alain Resnais.

VENICE, THE MOON & YOU.
(Marisa Allasio, Alberto Sordi.)

The books. **CLEA** by Lawrence Durrell (Faber, 16s.).

THE COLOSSUS OF MAROUSSI by Henry Miller (Heinemann, 18s.).

TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN by Irwin Shaw (Cape, 18s.).

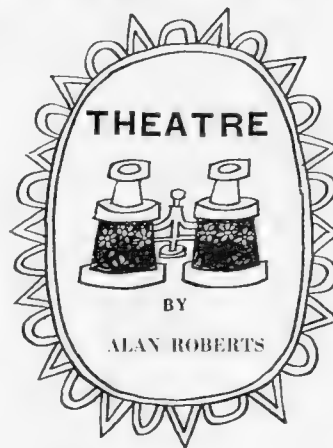
THE GREAT FORTUNE by Olivia Manning (Heinemann, 16s.).

The records. **MINGUS AH UM** by Charlie Mingus.

QUINTET AT STORYVILLE by Stan Getz.

CONFIDENTIALLY IT'S CONDON by Eddie Condon.

THE SWINGER by Harry Edison.



Shaw's ghostly prompt-box

IN THE FAR-OFF ROMANTIC DAYS B.S. (before Shaw) most people were content, indeed happy, to see the Maid of Orleans as a doe-eyed beauty in shining made-to-measure armour, riding a virgin white horse and surrounded by an aura of unreality.

Shaw, with his passion for cleaning up old idols, scraped off the

sentimental gilt and revealed the rough gold ore beneath. By doing so he created a permanent headache for producers of his play and a role in which, as with Shakespeare's Juliet, no actress can hope to satisfy all the people all the time.

In thousands of words in his preface to *Saint Joan*, now at the Old Vic, he detailed not only how she looked but also exactly what made her tick. She was, he said, in the bloom of youth but, without being ugly, awkward, deformed or unpleasant in her person, she was unattractive sexually. She was simple, rustical and inexperienced, yet a genius as well as a saint. Her choice of men's clothes was not just a whim, she belonged, as surely as George Sand did, to the species of "unwomanly women" who want to lead a man's life.

It is a formidable list and in my experience (which unfortunately does not include the now legendary Sybil Thorndike Joan) only Siobhan McKenna has been able to tick off more than three-quarters of the items in it. Miss Barbara Jefford, the Joan of the present production, is 29 and very lovely and fills the

LANCÔME

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YOUR SPECIAL NECK TREATMENT





JOAN'S GOOD NEWS: At the climax of her career *Joan of Arc* (Barbara Jefford) hears from Dunois (Donald Houston) that the people are calling for her after the coronation

physical bill not at all. Yet, while she is not a great Joan, one wonders how much of her performance would have been faulted by the critics if Shaw's preface had not been there to egg them on.

For the fact is that while that preface makes fascinating reading it is, at least so far as the role of the Maid is concerned, a thorn in the side of producers, who are hardly to be blamed if they throw the whole thing aside and get on with the job as if Shaw were just another Shakespeare.

Presented with Miss Jefford as his leading lady, producer Douglas Seale has got on with the job with the available material. If he has made mistakes, all of them together are too small to mar the overall splendour of this masterpiece.

Its clear clarion call for tolerance and understanding is even more vital today than when the author made it. In these post-Hiroshima days the crimes men may do with the best intentions, the pious and judicial mass murders the atom makes possible, are far greater than those ever done with evil intent. It is a true measure of Shaw's genius that he could preach so fundamental a lesson and yet make it amusing, that even when right and wrong seem so black and white he can speak with impartiality.

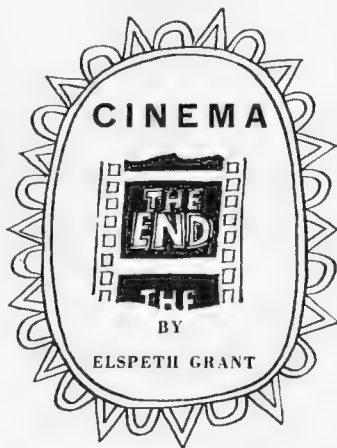
If the play is seen in this timeless light it is easy to understand why Shaw insisted upon the inclusion of his Epilogue against which some critics have always railed. The objection, as one put it, that "Shaw has suddenly pushed Joan aside and taken the stage himself" is valid only for those people who believe the theatre is a place for entertainment and nothing more.

At the Old Vic, however, the objection is not even valid for them. For, thanks largely to Gerald James as the soldier on leave from Hell, the Epilogue is highly amusing. It is here, too, that the Bishop of Beauvais, played with fine restraint

by Robert Harris, utters the line that is the play's great heart: "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?"

In Mr. Seale's production Alec McCowen's Dauphin is virtually faultless both as young man and old; Walter Hudd's Inquisitor maintains to the end the calm dignity that makes his delivery of the long speech at Joan's trial memorable; John Moffat, as Stogumber, gives a wonderful contrast between the fiendish fury of the Chaplain's youth and the stupid repentance of his old age.

No, Shaw was quite right to stop us going home with tears in our eyes just for Joan and to bring us back to earth, reality and modern times with a bump. He was using Brecht's much vaunted alienation technique before Brecht.



A legend is sunk, too

A GERMAN ADMIRAL (MR. KAREL Stepanek) in *Sink The Bismarek!* voices the claim, made by the Nazis at her launching in 1939, that Bismarek was unsinkable. I am amazed to learn that it is still being made, in our very midst, though the mighty battleship has now lain at the bottom of the sea for nearly 20 years.

Of the 172 prisoners of war taken when the Bismarek "went down," several have settled in this country and one, it is reported to me, solemnly maintains that the Bismarek, though admittedly damaged by the British, could never have been sunk by them—or any other force from without: she was *scuttled*, he says, to keep the secret of her unsinkability inviolate. Thus—pathetically or dangerously, according to how you look at it—the legend of essential invincibility is perpetuated. I do not, myself, particularly care for it: the story told in Lord Brabourne's admirably scripted, directed and acted film is doubtless the true one: in its refusal to gloss over tragedy and mistakes,

it certainly strikes one as such.

It is spring, 1941. Mr. Kenneth More, looking uncommonly stern, arrives at the Admiralty to take over as Director of Naval Operations. News comes that the Bismarek, fresh from her hide-out in Norwegian waters, is making for the Atlantic to decimate our convoys. She must be intercepted. Mr. More assigns the job to H.M.Ss Hood and Prince of Wales. The action is a disastrous one for us: Hood is blown up, Prince of Wales badly battered—and Bismarek suffers little more than surface injury.

The Hood catastrophe plunges the country into gloom: the battle with the Bismarek is one we cannot afford to lose. Mr. More will deploy every ship he can to see that it's won—even at the risk of leaving a convoy of 20,000 troops without protection. His gamble pays off: incredibly rickety-looking Swordfish aircraft from Ark Royal damage Bismarek's rudder—H.M.Ss. Rodney and King George V, summoned from 140 miles away, close in to deal her the death-blow. The unsinkable is sunk.

Skilfully cutting from the Admiralty, where operations are tensely planned, to the ships at sea who carry them out, the director, Mr. Lewis Gilbert, achieves a mounting excitement, effectively sustained to the end. Mr. More—resolutely holding emotion at bay, but yielding to it most movingly for a single moment—has never been better. Miss Dana Wynter, who plays a discreet Wren officer, has never before been half so good—and there are excellent performances from the rest of the large and distinguished cast.

In *Two-Way Stretch*, a jolly comedy briskly directed by Mr. Robert Day, Mr. Peter Sellers, of the perfect poker face, bluff Mr. David Lodge and appealing Mr. Bernard Cribbins appear to be leading the life of Reilly in a prison presided over by the amiable Mr. Maurice Denham.

At the instigation of their glib and foxy old friend, Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, who visits them becomingly disguised as a parson, and with the enthusiastic help of Mr. Cribbins's Mum (Miss Irene Handl) and Mr. Sellers's ever-loving girl friend (Miss Liz Fraser) they slip out of jail one night to carry out a preposterous plan—the hi-jacking, on a country road, of a million pounds' worth of diamonds which are being taken, under military escort, to a maharajah. (Mr. Thorley Walters is outrageously funny as the officious colonel in charge.)

The whole thing is so ingenious that you will find yourself hoping that, just for once, crime will pay. You'll be disappointed on that

score—but as you'll have laughed almost unceasingly for 90 minutes, you really can't complain. *I can't.*

Signor Pietro Germi, directing *Man Of Straw—The Seducer*, has cast himself as a philandering husband who wrecks his happy marriage by embarking on an affair with a passionate young girl who lives across the way: when he tries to break with her, she kills herself—leaving him covered in shame and remorse. Signor Germi persuasively presents the man as a shallow fellow, trapped by his own weakness, and the two women, Signorina Luisa Della Noce, as the wife, and Signorina Franca Bettoja, as the mistress, are both convincing. All the same, this remains a rather drab and depressing little film.

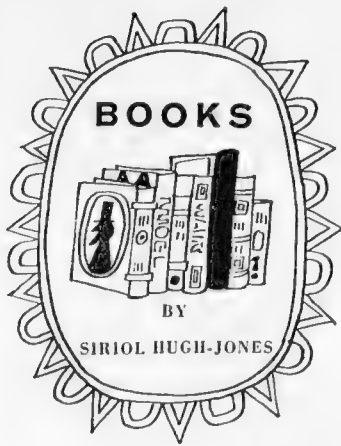
M. Alain Resnais, who directed *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, gives us in his grim documentary film, *Night And Fog*, a sharp, deeply shocking and, I think, salutary reminder of the inhumanity, the downright bestiality, practised by the Nazis in their concentration camps.

Shots, in colour, of the now deserted camps—their bleak huts and the gruesome incinerators and gas chambers still intact—are interspersed with shots, found in German, Polish and French archives, showing the unspeakably ghastly conditions that prevailed during the war. Dreadfully emaciated prisoners, stripped naked, are herded together, awaiting death by gas or cremation—whole fields are strewn with the skeleton-like bodies of those who have died from starvation. These things are terrible but, I agree with M. Resnais, they must not be forgotten.

Of *Venice, The Moon And You*, I can only say I have rarely been so bored as I was by this poor but protracted joke about the exploits of an amorous gondolier. My neighbour yawned himself into a coma—lucky chap: I just fretted for 100 minutes.



JAILBREAK: "It's dark," complains Lennie (Bernard Cribbins), as his accomplices Dodger and Jelly (Peter Sellers and David Lodge) tenderly ease him into a drain—their escape passage—in *Two-Way Stretch*



Mr. Durrell mesmerizes

LAWRENCE DURRELL BRINGS HIS great, astonishing conjuring trick, the Alexandria Quartet, to a close with *Clea* (though at the back of the book there are a number of hypnotic little ideas for extra incidents which the prodigal author has decided not to include in the fabric). *Clea* moves forward in time, takes Darley back to Alexandria to return Nessim's young daughter to her father, rediscover Justine, now under house-arrest, and enter into a love-affair with Clea. A great many loose ends are tied—for instance, Mountolive marries Pursewarden's blind and mysterious sister Liza, Capodistria is resurrected and Scobie receives posthumous and fantastic sainthood.

The heart of the book is a long extract from the notebooks of Pursewarden, the poet and novelist whose mordant conversation and enigmatic suicide have shadowed all the earlier books—and this long passage in effect puts Durrell's case for the conception and execution of the entire Quartet. Durrell is about the most explicit and the most self-aware novelist alive, and the peculiar fascination of the four books is that, like nothing else I have ever read, they forcibly involve the reader with the whole business of what the writer is at, with the actual business of writing itself.

At times it is possible to be infuriated by Mr. Durrell's non-stop fireworks, the near-arrogance of a superlative intelligence playing "Now-you-see-it-now-you-don't" magician's tricks with the helplessly mesmerized reader, the enormous self-indulgence of it all. And indeed, the weakness of his brilliant technical experiment—the revelation of "reality" and the exploration of motive through a constantly changing eye-view and shift of angle, is that incidents and characters have to be very strong

indeed to stand up to the closeness and repetition of this kind of examination.

In the last analysis, I think there can be no doubt at all that Mr. Durrell's "heraldic universe" (suddenly one sees just why the four books have those massive, mysterious, card-game one-word titles) comes off magnificently. The kaleidoscope works, and above everything the style is so magical that for an addict like myself there is nothing for it but to go on shaking the box and watching the colours change, round and round and back to the beginning again. Mr. Durrell is first and last a poet, looking for the "mythopoetic reference which underlies fact."

The Alexandria Quartet, its people and images and its immense, orchestrated set-pieces, take possession of the imagination for keeps. Mr. Durrell has given us the freedom of the city—not only of his Alexandria, but to some extent of his intricate mind as well.

Reading Durrell makes you read other people too—Cavafy, de Sade and Henry Miller, whose wild and riotous account of his visit to Greece just before the outbreak of the last war, *The Colossus of Maroussi*, has just been reprinted. This endearing and stormy book is superb on its own account, but I confess that its chief charm for me was the fact that Durrell walks through its pages, talking, drinking, angrily ordering medium-boiled eggs. The danger is that Durrell—what with the poems, the travel-books, the funny-diplomatic books, not to mention the children's book and the translation of *Pope Joan*—can become a full-time habit, to the total exclusion of all the other books around.

Mr. Irwin Shaw is one of those highly intelligent, smooth novelists who convince they must be better writers than the plots they use, or, indeed, sometimes, than the books they write. *Two Weeks in Another Town* is about film-makers—people frequently fairly removed from reality anyway—and in particular an ex-star, now working for NATO, who takes a trip to Rome to help out an old friend whose career is on the downward slope.

In a remarkably crowded fortnight of inglorious life he manages to embark on a violent love-affair with a mystery-girl, dodge the knife in the hand of her last lover, meet one of his ex-wives, and readjust to practically everything. With my hand on my heart I can't honestly say I think I'm going to remember much about this novel in a week's time, but for glossy light entertainment it's extremely soothing, guaranteed to make you forget to change trains or turn on the hot tap until the bath's stone-cold.

None of the chilly adjectives reviewers are apt to save for female novelists—sensitive, warm, evocative and such—applies to the books of Miss Olivia Manning, a lady who writes firm, often bleak, books with an icy wit and no padding to keep the reader cosy. It was therefore the more puzzling to me to find that *The Great Fortune* was somehow out of line with what one had come to expect from her.

It's the first part of a trilogy, and therefore justifiably may take its time, but all the same I found my attention wandering. The story so far concerns a young English lecturer in Bucharest with his newly-married, observant wife, at the time of the phoney war. He is cheerful, energetic, full of enthusiasms, only too willing to let anyone demand as much of his life as they please, and a little inclined to leave his bride hanging around watching on the sidelines, occasionally staging a small mutiny. The book is an urban scene with figures, and ends with the fall of Paris and the couple on their way out of Rumania. It's full of sharp comment, but somehow I wasn't caught by it in the way of all Miss Manning's former books.



Mingus builds a workshop

THE IDEA OF A JAZZ WORKSHOP IS not new. Charlie Mingus started a classical one when he was studying in Los Angeles in 1943, and extended it to jazz when he moved to New York eight years later.

You might well ask what is the function of such a workshop. It is, first, of all, a non-commercial set-up, intended neither to play in front of an audience nor to produce especially coherent music. So the workshop is not only a place for experiment, but open by invitation to a fairly wide cross-section of players. They can blow off steam without offending the paying customers, and they can indulge in a free exchange of ideas without

trespassing on one another's territory.

In recent years the recording companies have encroached on this almost sacred territory to gather some of the most progressive sounds yet made in the name of jazz. The outcome of one of these workshop sessions, organized by Mingus, has resulted in a most interesting album, *Mingus ah um* (BBL 7352). Some of this music is out on a limb far beyond anything I have heard yet. Take "Better git it in your soul," which opens with a firmly chorded passage where no one gets out of line, only to end with a near frenzy of excited blasts and disconnected runs, with a strong influence from pianist Horace Parlan.

Lester Young used always to wear a pork pie hat, so I presume that "Goodbye pork pie hat" is dedicated to him. This pensive theme seems to be the height of conservative thought, and the same could be applied to his "Self portrait in three colours." Duke Ellington's influence seems to reach into this and flows even more strongly through the bouncing boogie beat of "Boogie stop shuffle." Sanity goes overboard when it comes to "Open letter to Duke" and "Bird calls." Order is completely lacking, although no doubt it came out the way Mingus intended; it strikes me that he overdoes this business of giving the soloist complete freedom, especially when he allows two or more horns to solo at the same time!

Tenor-man John Handy and trombonist Jimmy Knepper are my favourite soloists from the session, and "Jelly roll," is my selected piece, a spirited mid-tempo number which retains most of the old jazz assets in this new context.

Without doubt this is an important record, marking the emergence of Charlie Mingus as a leading composer/arranger, a man of brilliant ideas and the knowledge and experience to direct his footsteps along the right path.

For complete contrast of listening, try *Confidentially it's Condon* (GLP 342), in which the witty guitarist coaxes some first-class Dixieland instrumentalists through their party pieces. Pee Wee Russell and Jess Stacy are always a joy to hear, and the customary good time is had by all. In more thoughtful vein, trumpeter Harry Edison's *The swinger* (CLP 1277) provides some tasteful small group jazz; more pieces from this session appear on two EPs (SEG 7914/7947).

To complete the circle back to the modern theme on which I started I commend Stan Getz's *Quintet at Storyville* (LAE 12199) as an exciting progression of modern solos, recorded back in 1951. Al Haig's jumping piano is most satisfying, and Getz as eloquent as ever.

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



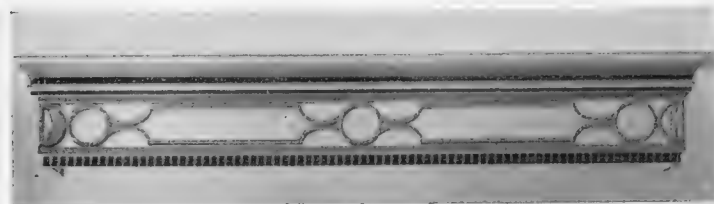
CUSHION COVERS with an antique tapestry look, in flower damasks and other designs, come from Afzal, a new shop at 78 Baker Street, W.1. The two above cost £7 and £5 7s. 6d. (inner pad: 10s. 9d.). Prices of this exclusive range of cushions start at £4 10s. Exclusive fabrics can be bought by the yard at Afzal who also undertake all kinds of upholstery and furnishing. Fabrics here are all 48 in. wide and come from all over the world. They gladly search for fabrics they do not stock and give an efficient individual service to customers. Ready-made curtains come in classic brocades or plain velvets in all colours, with a nine or ten foot drop which fits most London windows. Lined throughout, they cost £7 15s. and £10 15s. Their workrooms make curtains to order, pelmets, chair covers and anything in the furnishing line and the Interior Decoration department has its own workmen and a consultant architect. Quoted prices don't vary and they cope with renovations and conversions of all kinds.

DECOR: Two enterprising women, Alex Bow and Ann Russel, recently set up an Interior Decorating Advisory Service with headquarters at 37 Great Russell Street, W.C.1, under the name of Alexandra Décor. People can consult them there, have a décor plan designed and be put in touch with stockists of papers, materials, paints, etc. Postal inquiries are dealt with in a Quiz Form listing questions on the room with space for comments on likes and dislikes. On return, a scheme is drawn up and a rough sketch plus swatches of materials, colours and wallpapers (with prices and approximate yardage) sent to the client. Information includes nearest stockists and total cost of redecoration. Alexandra Décor have a practical outlook and lots of imagination. Advice on toning and contrasting room colours costs 1 gn. and the ceiling limit for costs is 7 gns. which usually includes travel to clients' homes. They will recommend curtain-makers and upholsterers, or builders and architects when structural renovations are involved. They will also look for modern and reproduction furniture.

PAINT: John Hall's Brolac P.E.P. plastic emulsion paint can be used indoors and out, it is hardwearing and stands up to steam in bathroom or kitchen. Price: 8s. a pint and 15s. 3d. a quart. John Hall have also introduced a tube-tinting system called Brolac Colorvogue, with a range of 100 subtle colours. The retailers will advise how to use it; it can be applied to any of Hall's paints. The tube is added while mixing the paint. From hardware stores and ironmongers; 6d. and 9d.

BARGAINS: Bonham's of Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, S.W.7, stage a weekly auction of antique and modern furniture.

Catalogues are usually available and there are two viewing days for each sale. Carpet sales occur every Wednesday fortnight—Monday & Tuesday morning are viewing days. Antique and modern porcelain sales, including services, oddments and often silver and plate, are held on Wednesdays alternating with the carpet sales. There are also periodical sales of Modern Art. Bidding by proxy can be carried out by Bonham's staff members—you leave a commission and you may be lucky if your bid is just right. They collect furniture (not single pieces unless valuable) and can arrange delivery to London buyers. Harrods hold auctions, too, every fortnight behind the store, off Basil Street, with roughly 1,000 lots in each. Previewed on two days, the sale consists of antique or old furniture (up to five or six years old) but no modern. Best sellers are Georgian antiques and antique porcelain and anything in old good silver.



CARVED WOOD pelmet from Frost & Roper, 77 Walton Street, S.W.3, where pelmets are designed to tie in with room size, décor, etc. Prices vary according to work involved, but this one costs 14 gns. They can be painted, given a high cornice or left with openwork carving, whichever suits window height and general design of the room.



WALLPAPERING KIT comes from The Home Decorating Hire Shop, 83 Walton Street, S.W.3, who hire them out for 6s. a day. Also shown is one of the paints and large paint brushes which they sell. The wallpapering kit comprises shears, ruler, seam roller, paper-hanging brush, plus a bucket and 10-foot extending trestle table. They have greatly enlarged their wallpaper range over the six years they have been in existence but the hire service is still much in

demand. Sound advice is given on the type of paint to be used and the quantities needed for both exterior and interior decorations and renovations. They sell or hire all the equipment necessary. Included in the hire service are ladders and dustsheets and prices include delivery and collection in the Metropolitan area. A special room upstairs has many books and samples of wallpapers. The wide range includes Coles, Sandersons and Crown, as well as their collection of exclusive and pretty French wallpapers. The wallpaper shown here has a vivid pheasant print against a background of clear colours: 18s. 6d. a roll. They can deal with all kinds of postal enquiries.



*The
Social
Alphabet* **W** *for Weekend in the country*

*Dear Caroline: How nice to spend
A quiet weekend
With you and Joe.
It really was—I loved it so.*

*Thrilled to the core to be of use,
Plucking the goose
And chopping wood.
I almost think it did me good.*

*Then, judging at the baby show—
Delightful, though
A great surprise!
Clever of you to organize.*

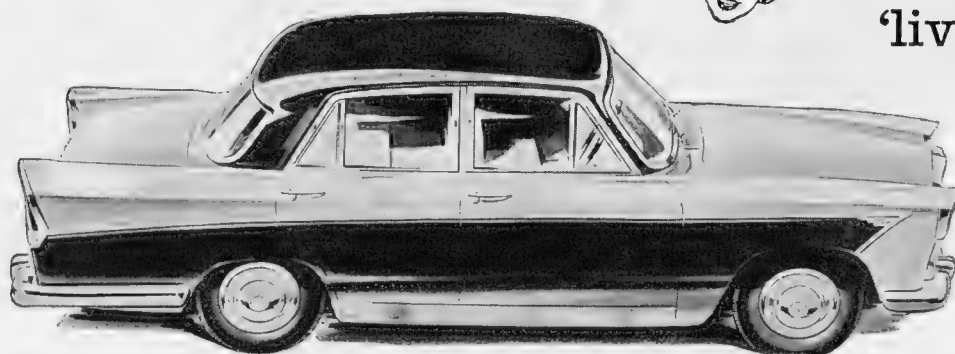
*Pongo's a dear! No matter that
Mine was the hat
She liked to chew.
Puppies inevitably do.*

*A shame the cooker chose to die.
However, I
Was quite content—
Your sandwiches were excellent.*

*A pleasant journey in the train
And, home again,
I always say
What joy it is to get away.*

Francis Kinsman

'Lovely to look at'

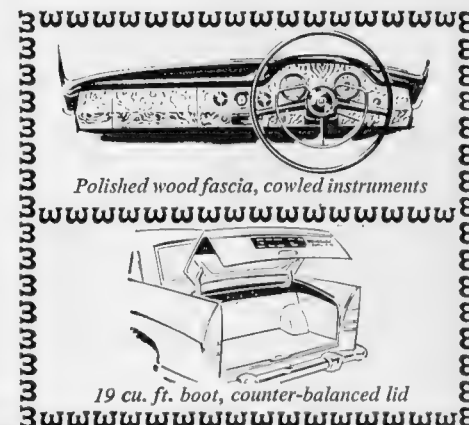


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MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

Amok on a motor mower

THE SEAT IS ONLY FOUR OR FIVE inches from the ground and the chassis has all the stark simplicity of a bedstead. There are two pedals; left for brake, right for accelerator. Behind your left hip is a tiny lawn-mower engine which drives the left rear wheel through a short chain, and above it is a little fuel tank holding a pint or two of petrol. Steering may be by a wheel, or just a handlebar with turned up ends like the control column on a modern light aeroplane.

Someone starts pushing and the engine begins chattering. You flick an ignition switch below the seat, the chatter becomes a ferocious crackle rising to a roar, and you are away. It feels like running amok on a motor mower.

The steering is unbelievably sensitive. Slight flexing of the wrists is sufficient to produce a sharp swerve and a quarter turn of the wheels throws it on to full lock, which at low speeds creates so much drag that it can stall the engine. All the time one must remember that there is no clutch and no gears. An instinctive jab at the left hand pedal to prevent a labouring engine chugging puts on the brakes and kills the engine dead. At that moment you are probably rammed from behind by another car which is cornering on a controlled slide.

In this sport he who hesitates is lost—into the straw bales. So it is flat out all the way. In the corners you keep the throttle open as much as possible and induce a controlled slide with a kick on the brake pedal.

Such is Go-Karting, the latest American craze to invade Britain. After due deliberation the R.A.C. has solemnly recognized it as a branch of motor sport and has devised a set of rules. There are two sizes of engine, 100 and 200 c.c., and a complete Kart costs from £80 to £110, but of course buying complete involves the payment of 50 per cent purchase tax and many enthusiasts prefer to build their own from kits of parts.

A single-engined Kart does about 40 m.p.h. and a twin-engined model about 50 m.p.h. It feels much faster as you sit there screaming along a few inches from the ground and fully exposed to the elements. There are no springs, and at full

speed a bump in the track sends the little wheels jumping in the air. If one should turn the steering slightly while the car is airborne, the resulting swerve can be quite spectacular. Fortunately Karts are so low built that it is extremely difficult to turn them over. They are great fun to drive and wonderful for sharpening one's reactions after a spell of driving sleepy cars in slow moving traffic blocks.

Already the sport is acquiring the paraphernalia of small scale motor racing; the trailers which carry the Karts from one meeting to another, the mechanics, spare engines, and spare wheels with various types of tyre. Yet I suspect the fun will be lost if people begin taking it too seriously. It is something better than a dodgem, and many people would find it fun to hire a few for half an hour to have a thrash round with their friends. If it develops into a serious form of motor racing, the performance will rise and there are definite limitations to the speed which can safely be used on any vehicle without springs.

On the other hand performance is restricted and the sport develops for amusement only, I suspect the public, who are now turning up to Kart meetings in considerable numbers, will soon lose interest in races where the cars are so evenly matched. There seemed to be some awareness of this at the recent Azum meeting at Brands Hatch, where the Windmill Theatre girls were called in to lend an element of glamour, and some of them drove a great deal better than the men. One event was a relay race in which the girls did a few laps, then had to make up the faces of their male partners before they took the wheel.

There I think we see the dilemma which faces organizers of Kart meetings. Are they going to put on a programme of motor racing or a gymkhana? At the present pace of development we shall soon know.

Up to now, the Karts have raced on improvised circuits in car parks or on sections of existing motor race tracks, but the first track designed exclusively for Go-Kart racing is now being completed at Tilbury and others will soon be ready. Karts can race on grass, cinders, macadam or concrete.



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P.B.9



Beer & pancakes

by HELEN BURKE

ONCE A YEAR, IF AT NO OTHER time, we all make pancakes. The day, of course, is Shrove Tuesday which falls on 1 March this year.

Why people do not make them oftener always puzzles me, but I must admit that I am one of those whose enthusiasm for them, following Pancake Tuesday, tends to wane after a month or so. This is a pity because pancakes are both the basis of some of the most exotic sweets and, for *rechauffé* dishes, the most useful wrappings for left-over this and that.

In the French kitchen, pancakes are *crêpes* and stuffed ones are *pannequet*. Both terms are adapted from English words. *Crêpe* is from "crisp" or the Chaucerian "cresp," by which pancakes, at the time, were known, and *pannequet*, clearly, comes from the sound of pancakes.

The basic mixture for pancakes in this country is a rich Yorkshire Pudding batter of 4 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt, 2 eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint liquid, which may be milk, milk and water or even beer! A dessertspoon of melted butter is added to the batter at the last minute before frying the pancakes. This last not only improves the flavour of the pancakes but also, and equally important, will prevent them sticking to a pan on which foods tend to catch.

I would like to give two other tips here. First, do not fry pancakes or other batters at too great a heat, which is a contributory cause of their sticking to the pan. Second, if food does stick, do not attempt to remove it without first reducing the heat a little.

To return to the batter: For the benefit of beginners, here is the way to mix it:

Sift the flour and salt into a basin. Make a hole in the centre and drop the whole eggs into it. Begin to mix with a wire whisk, gradually adding the liquid so that there will be no lumps. Ten minutes' beating is recommended but, if you have an electric blender or beater, one minute should be ample. This operation should be carried out at

least two hours before cooking the pancakes, to allow the starch particles in the flour to swell. At the last minute, add the dessertspoon of melted butter. This amount of batter will make 10 pancakes.

Heat the frying-pan. Make a good firm pad of cotton-wool. Rub it over butter, then over the pan. And that is all the fat a good pan should need. Have the batter in a jug, for preference, and pour enough of it into the pan barely to cover the bottom when it is turned this way and that. Cook the underside to a pale gold, leaving the top not quite set, then turn or toss to cook the other side. Sprinkle with caster sugar and lemon juice and you have two pancakes each for five persons. Or, instead of lemon, use orange juice with a little less sugar.

To halve the cooking time, it is a good idea to have two pans on the go.

Rolled filled pancakes are more exciting. Here we stack the pancakes, as they are made, on an inverted dinner plate until all the batter is used and cover them with a cloth to prevent them drying and curling at the edges.

Make the following *Crème Pâtisserie*: Beat together 2 eggs and 2 oz. caster sugar until whitish. Sprinkle over them a generous ounce of flour and beat it well. Gradually, while beating well, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk in which a piece of vanilla pod has infused over a low heat. Stir while the mixture comes slowly to the boil then simmer for a few minutes to cook the flour. Spread generously on the pancakes and roll up each.

Place side by side in a shallow oven dish. Strain over the pancakes a fairly thin apricot *purée* made by diluting apricot jam or *purée* with water and bringing it to the boil. Warm a measure of rum, pour it over the pancakes, set it alight and serve. If this seems a little expensive, omit the rum and heat the pancakes through in the oven.

For a variation, add 1 to 2 diced bananas to the *crème*.

Now for a savoury filling: Make $\frac{1}{2}$ pint medium thick rich Béchamel sauce, without salt. Add 2 to 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Take off and reserve 3 to 4 tablespoons of the sauce. To the remainder add a good breakfastup of flaked cooked smoked haddock and heat through for a few minutes. Taste and, if necessary, add salt.

Spread on the pancakes and roll up. Place side by side in a buttered shallow oven dish, spoon the reserved sauce over them and place under a medium hot grill or in the oven at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 until the surface is brown-flecked.

Left-over lamb, poultry or veal is equally good.



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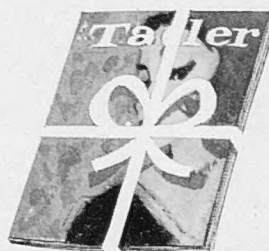
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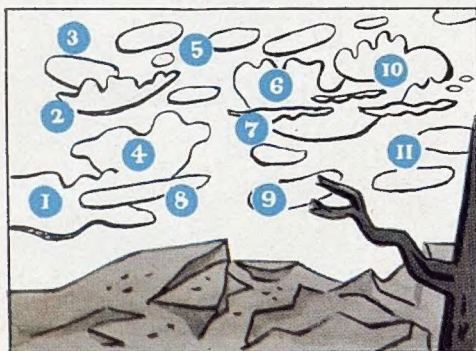
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Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him